



CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

Let us follow Lathrop; he was more familiar with the surroundings than were the men from Wilmington, and in the darkness might easily evade them, but he sped away with the speed of the wind, never for a moment giving a thought to where he was going; straight through the rice, over the ridge, and down to the rice field's edge. He struck the rice fields, where one of the banks that divided them extended from the upland to the main dyke on the river front, and down this bank he darted, straight for the river, but he had not got more than 300 yards down the bank before he ran into the arms of a stalwart figure approaching from the opposite direction.

"Hey! What have we here?" said the man who held Lathrop with a grip not to be shaken off; "stand on the other side, Bill, and flash your light."

A man passed Lathrop and his captors, and removed the cap from a bull's-eye lantern, and threw the light on Lathrop's face.

It was the face of one whose features were stamped with insanity. He was bareheaded, the blood was trickling from his forehead, lips and nose, which showed that he had come in contact with many trees in his flight. His elegant wedding suit was torn and splashed with mud, but he was recognized.

"My God, Bill, it's Herbert Lathrop, the man we're after. We will return. Murderer! do you know who has you now? Black Beard!"

Not a word fell from the lips of Herbert, as he was hurried along in the direction of the river. When they arrived there they tumbled him into a boat, in which already sat four men.

"Now if Hendricks and Bullion were here, we'd be off," said Black Beard. "I'm sorry now I sent them up the other bank. I told them to go but half way, halt at a cross flood gate, and there remain until summoned. Throw high your light, Bill, for a minute; they expect the signal from the other way, but they may see it."

Bill fastened the bull's-eye to the oar, removed the cap and held it aloft.

"There, that will do; they should have seen that."

While these events were transpiring, the two officers had by chance struck the very bank on which Hendricks and Bullion were stationed, and as they passed noiselessly on towards the river suddenly they saw the light of a match not thirty feet ahead of them.

Hendricks had struck it to light his pipe.

"Easy, mate, easy," whispered one of them.

They crawled down on the edge of the bank, and got up opposite them, almost within reach, and lay quiet.

"This is our last adventure, Bullion," said Hendricks. "If Black Beard gets that fellow Lathrop, as he's after, we leave these diggings forever."

"I ain't sorry," said Bullion; "it's time. To tell you the truth, Hendricks, this piratin' is mighty bad business. It's so risky, when we get our part of the 'dough,' I'm in it for quits on piratin', I am."

"We'll git that before we sail. Every man will have his share. Black Beard's square to his men."

"He is that, but I hope he'll quit the life. He's too good a man to stretch hemp. Who but him could have managed that Washington job?"

"Best if it ain't time we had a signal, if we're goin' to have one. You bide here, Bullion, and I'll drop back to the boat and see if they haven't come back."

The officers heard Hendricks walk away toward the river. They gave him fully five minutes, at the end of which time Bullion felt the cold muzzles of two pistols pressed suddenly against his head.

"A move and you're a dead man." A moment more and he was disarmed, handcuffed and marched hurriedly towards the uplands.

When Hendricks returned to the floodgate Bullion was not there.

"What has become of Bullion?" he thought. He called his name several times, but no answer. He flashed his lantern in several directions, but could see no one. He searched the ground.

It appeared as though more than one person had last been over it, and on the other side of the bank the long grass looked as though some one had crawled through it.

He waited until he saw the light flashed from the lantern of Bill Gibbs, which was suspended in the air by the oar, and returned to the boat, where he found the captain with Gibbs and Lathrop seated.

"I'm here, captain, but I can't find Bullion."

"Can't find Bullion? What's become of him?"

"I left him at the floodgate and came back 'ere to see 'adn't you returned, and when I got back he was gone. From the walk and the grass there, it looks like others had been along there."

"Hardly," said Black Beard, "if anyone had, Bullion would have stepped into the rice field."

"That he would," said Plunkett. "It's faint-hearted is Bullion."

"We will wait ten minutes for him, and if he don't come he'll have to tough it out, and walk around the beach and signal us to-morrow night. He's not a man to desert and leave his gold behind."

"No fear of him desertin'," said Hendricks.

Herbert Lathrop sat there where he had been placed, and his only words were: "Let's go! Fly, Black Beard! They'll hang you. I thought you was Angus Bruce, but you ain't; I'm glad of that. I'm going with you, for they're after me. The dead have come to life,

to condemn me. Aunt Mag betrayed me, and I shot her down in the chapel. Uncle John, I killed him with a knife. Fannie and Clara know it now. Let's go! Let's go! I'll be a pirate now, and then I may forget."

"Silence, man!" said the captain. "I did not expect a willing prisoner, but I have one, it seems."

"Why, he's crazy as a March hare, captain."

"Either crazy, or playing off, Cobb. If I was sure he was crazy, I would leave him behind, for to be insane is punishment enough. There's something amiss. Officers after him; can they have found out that he killed John Loyd? Well, we'll take him along, and see what his condition is afterwards. Send to your oars, men, and away for the island. This is our last trip up the Cape Fear."

The sturdy seamen bent to the oars, and with the captain at the helm the boat glided rapidly down the river. But one there was aboard who was destined to never reach the island, for they were yet three miles away, and crossing the inlet, when Herbert, who had been constantly muttering and talking to himself, suddenly startled Black Beard by exclaiming:

"Look there! On the water! Walking this way! My uncle! He's coming! coming! See the sheath knife in his breast! and blood! blood everywhere! Mag! Mag! you betrayed me! Help! help!" and before anyone could drop their oars to prevent, Herbert leaped from the boat and sank beneath the waters of the inlet.

Black Beard turned the boat back, and they caught one glimpse of a white, upturned face, but ere they could reach it it disappeared forever, and the boat of the pirate crew sped on.

"He has paid his debts," said Black Beard, "and no man can do more."

But to return to Orton. When Carr and Briggs reached the chapel with Bullion they found the Kendall carriage still in front of the door, and a number of negroes standing around the chapel's front.

They entered the door. Nearly everyone had departed, but well in front, beside a pew, stood Hugh Gordon and Tom Hill.

The officers, with Bullion between them, advanced to them.

In the pew lay a stiffening form, and their gaze fell on the leaden countenance of the murdered quadron.

"Faithful soul," said Gordon, "but for her delaying the marriage we had

been too late to prevent it. Let us place her in the carriage, that she may be carried to Kendall."

The next morning the officers conveyed Bullion to Wilmington, where he was informed that only by leading the way to the rendezvous of Black Beard could he save his life, and in that event he was promised pardon for past offenses and a goodly share of the plunder captured.

Life is dear to all men; it was dear to Bullion. Besides, he argued: "If I lead them there, Black Beard and the crew will vanquish them, and I will strike hard blows to pay them back for making me turn traitor."

To save his life he yielded, and promised to lead them to the pirate's stronghold.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WITH A CRY OF TRIUMPH BOW LEGGS FELL FORWARD INTO THE VERY MOUTH OF THE MAGAZINE.

On the night of the 11th, as Black Beard and his men were seated around the festive board, he remarked:

"This, men, is our last night on the Carolina coast. To-morrow we will make a division of the spoils, stow all aboard the schooner and sail for some point agreed on, where we will scuttle and sink the craft and scatter. Each man will have wealth enough to live like a prince. I hope Bullion may return in time."

"What about the magazine?" asked Gibbs.

"We'll carry a goodly quantity of the powder and ball. We must have a good night's sleep, as this is the last one we spend on the island."

At midnight all was silent in the cabin, and then it was that the revenue boat, Mervine, landed 40 men, among whom were Carr and Briggs.

Bullion led the way with the two officers on either side. When they got around to the estuary and down the ledge where the schooner lay, there was not a man of the 40, from Capt. Brooks, of the Mervine, down to the cook, but that expected to return to Wilmington with untold wealth.

Every man was armed to the teeth, and when Bullion gave three sharp blasts from his whistle at the entrance of the cavern, every man was right behind him.

The door swung back, and all rushed forward, but noiselessly. They passed the second door and stood in a dimly lighted cavern. There was a smoldering fire burning at the upper end of the cave, and they could see many forms of men lying about in different attitudes, but they had little time to observe, for suddenly Cobb, who had admitted them, cried: "Awake, Black Beard! Awake!"

As he cried out, he fired his weapon.

and Briggs fell. Bullion seized a cutlass and the skull of Officer Carr was cleft in twain.

By this time every pirate was on his feet, fighting for life, and the cavern echoed the reports, as volley after volley was fired by either side.

Bullion was wielding the cutlass as though in no other way could he redeem his honor for having betrayed his comrades. He had already stricken down two men, when he himself fell.

The giant frame of Black Beard, as he dashed into the thickest of the fray carried consternation with it:

"Fight, men! you're fighting for your lives!"

One-eyed Bill was fighting like a demon; bareheaded, his shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows, his voice rang through the cavern, as his cutlass fell: "Down with them! Down with them!"

But the pirates were too greatly outnumbered, and it became apparent that eventually they must be annihilated.

Cobb, Hendricks, Plunkett and many others had already fallen, and now Bill Gibbs had struck his last blow, and fell with a groan, as a ball from the weapon in the hands of the revenue captain pierced his breast.

The captain fell in turn, his head leaping from his shoulders, as the blade of Black Beard's cutlass severed it from his body.

"Strike, men! Strike for your lives! these dastards come for money, give them death!"

Bow Leggs, with an immense weapon, was following in the wake of Black Beard, and more than one marine lay on the damp floor of the cavern, a victim to this ungainly black, whose life four months before Black Beard had saved; but now the red blood was coursing down his limbs from many wounds.

At this moment Black Beard fell, pierced by half a dozen musket balls at once. He gave one cry as he fell to the rocky floor of the cavern:

"The magazine! Bow Leggs! Fire the magazine!"

And Bow Leggs, bleeding from every pore, reeled to the fireplace, and seized a burning brand.

A number sprang forward to intercept him, while others endeavored to rush from the cave.

The doors were closed, they could neither tell where they were, nor how to open them.

As Bow Leggs seized the brand, he made a rush for the magazine, which was a recess at one side of the cave, about midway between the entrance and the fireplace.

A dozen pistols and muskets were aimed at the fearful black, and twice he fell, but struggled to his feet again, and finally, with a cry of triumph, fell forward into the very mouth of the magazine.

There was one cry from every marine there; then a deafening roar that shook the island from center to circumference, and sealed the fate of all.

The solid rocky surface of the cave was raised into the air, then sank, burying beneath, officers, pirates and marines.

Not a living man or the vestige of a dead one remained to tell the tale.

There was no longer a cave in existence on Smith's island, and no longer did the rocky, uneven surface present to view huge boulders and shelving rocks to be clambered over by the island's goats.

One mighty rock had fallen into the estuary, bearing down beneath it the Clara Belle, while the revenue boat had broken her moorings, as a result of the shock, and drifted out to sea.

When the sun arose, she lay in the trough some nine miles out from the inlet. Huge waves were dashing over her, and when an inbound steamer that had observed her and was hastening forward for the purpose of rescuing any who might be in peril was yet some distance from her, she sank from sight, and it has ever been supposed, that the two boats engaged in an encounter, in which both, with their crews, were sent to the bottom.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"IT IS NOT ANGUS BRUCE, THE PILGRIM, WHO SPEAKS TO YOU NOW."

The shock of the revelations of the night of October 10 was a severe one to Fannie and Clara Hill.

Fannie had been completely prostrated ever since, and the wedding trip had been abandoned. Clara had borne up much better, for with her there was a sense of thankfulness that the ceremony had not been performed which would have made her the wife of Lathrop; and a far greater one, that Angus Bruce was neither Black Beard nor the murderer of John Loyd.

As to Lathrop; there was an uncertainty as to what had become of him.

Carr and Briggs had stated that Hendricks, before he left Bullion at the floodgate, had said "that if Black Beard got that fellow Lathrop, he would leave the coast." Thus they thought that for some reason he was after him, but what that reason could be they could not conceive, as it was now known to a certainty that Angus was not the dreaded Black Beard.

Bullion, be it remembered, was not aware that Lathrop had fallen into the hands of his captain, and consequently, without any certain information, the search for him was kept up for a month. At the end of which time, all came to the conclusion that he had either committed suicide, in some unknown locality, or that he had encountered the pirates when he fled from the chapel, and had been carried away by them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Proof.

"Jinkles is in love," remarked a young man.

"How do you know?"

"I've seen him out bicycle riding four times with the same girl."

"That doesn't prove that he is in love with her."

"No. But they were on a tandem, and she weighs at least 180 pounds."

—Washington Star.

THE GLORY OF GREECE.

Soul Stirring Memories of the Former Conquests.

With what burning words did Byron at the beginning of this century call upon Greece to cast off the shackles with which the Turk had bound her and resume once more her rightful place among the nations of the earth. They were heeded. With the soul-stirring memories of Marathon and Thermopylae, of Salamis, Platea and Arbela in mind, the Greeks commanded by Marco Bozzaris and Lord Byron himself, succeeded in overwhelming the Turks and achieving a hard-earned independence.

It is a well-defined axiom that in war the morale engendered by the justness of the principle contended for frequently nullifies the preponderating forces of an adversary. Nowhere is this more evident than in the history of the Greeks themselves. When in the fifth century B. C., the hordes of Darius and Xerxes successively burst upon southeastern Europe it was not alone the existence of Greece that was threatened, but the whole progress of human civilization as well. This truth is pertinently expressed by Sir Edward Creasy, who says that had the battle of Marathon resulted differently the Persian would be the prevailing language of England to-day. Of course, the Greeks could not foresee the vast consequences which at that time depended upon their heroism, but they knew that they were fighting for their liberties, and that was enough.

At Marathon over 100,000 Persians were put to flight by 11,000 men. At the naval battle of Salamis the Greek fleet, although outnumbered seven to one, achieved an overwhelming victory, and at Thermopylae 300 Spartans and 700 Thespians, under Leonidas, held the pass for three days against the assaults of 200,000 Persians.

Napoleon, the coarse-minded sabreur, as the perfidious Talleyrand termed him, once remarked that God was always on the side of the strongest artillery, but he lived to realize his mistake. Had any such doctrine as that been universally believed the roundheads of Cromwell, the minute men of Lexington and Concord, and the patriots of Maceo and Gomez would never have been heard of, and this is that, with her glorious past in mind, encourages Greece to hope for victory in her struggle with Turkey.—Syraeuse Standard.

THE TOWNS OF CRETE.

Now Notable on Account of War Rumors.

A writer in the St. Petersburg Viedomosti gives the following account of the towns of Crete: "Candia, Retimo, Canea, are of the 'Crete of the hundred towns' the only three cities existing, and in using the word city every attention must be understood. Candia, situated at the mouth of a little river, the Geofiro, was built in the ninth century by the Saracens on the site of Heraklion, one of the ports of Cnossus. The distance between Cnossus and Candia is under an hour's walking, and in antiquity the two places were connected by walls, which recalled those between Piræus and Athens. In the time of Venetian sovereignty Candia enjoyed great prosperity. To-day its aspect is essentially Turkish on account of its houses, its mosques, its minarets and its bazars, in which are exposed all the products of the east. It is surrounded by a bastioned wall, almost triangular in shape. Within there is another wall separating the old town from the new, the latter being nearer the river. The fortifications date from the Venetians, but war and earthquakes have left little or nothing of the city's ancient splendor. Tournefort has called it only the carcass of a city. Its chief monuments are the remains of the church of St. Francis and the old Latin cathedral to St. Titus. Its population is between 13,000 and 14,000, mostly Mussulmans. The port is protected by two moles, but the sand has been allowed to silt up so much that only very small vessels can enter. Its chief trade is with Trieste, which takes from it raisins and oil in return for soap. Canea comes next to Candia, with a population of 11,000, equally divided between Christians and Mohammedans. Canea is the ancient Cydonia. The modern town dates from 1252, and is the principal port of the island, the commercial capital, and the residence of the foreign consuls. Not far from Canea is the admirable anchorage of Suda bay. Retimo, the third town, is 55 miles southwest of Candia. Its population is not far above 3,000."—N. Y. Post.

Fresh and Salt Water.

A striking illustration of the different effect of fresh and salt water on the hulls of ships was recently afforded by the steamers which ply on Loch Lomond when undergoing their annual overhaul. The woodwork of the vessels, as usual, showed signs of active deterioration, but so well does the fresh water of the loch preserve both iron hulls and boilers from corrosion and pitting that the maker's name upon the material of one of the vessels built 30 years ago was found intact and perfectly clean and sharp. The inside of the boilers was also found extremely free from the deleterious coating of any kind. The effect of the sea water upon iron and steel is exactly the reverse of this, but the saline properties of the ocean tend to improve woodwork.—Chicago Tribune.

A Historic Forest.

When the duke of Monmouth was executed, in the reign of James II., for treason, the duchess ordered every oak in the park to be cut on the fatal morning. The new growth, belonging to Lord Ebury, is one of the finest forests in Britain.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Thanks to the Oyster.

She—Oh, Jack, here's a pearl in this oyster.

He (excitedly)—Ethel, may—may I have it set in an engagement ring?

—Pick-Me-Up.

DIFFERENCE IN METHODS.

The Way That Won and the Way That Didn't.

The young contractor had his choice to secure the right of way for a railroad in Texas or help construct a monstrous iron bridge in Mexico. He chose the former undertaking because it kept him in his own country. Successful negotiators are born, and he is not one of them. He lacks adaptability. In the wild and woolly districts of the Lone Star state he was like a cat in a strange garret. With the big ranch owners he would have had no difficulty, for they appreciated the advantages of the proposed road. But these cattle kings were in a hopeless minority and were not in touch with local public sentiment.

The grim old moonshiner was among the first to call on the young pioneer. "I don't keer to have no railroad runnin' inter this destrict," was his blunt ultimatum. "I kin in here an' opened up a still an' I kin sell all th' stuff I kin make. It sells fur a good price, an' I'm not goin' ter have any competition. I'm runnin' what yer might call a single-handed monopoly."

"But your little one-horse business can't stand in the way of a great railroad enterprise."

"Yes, it kin, young feller. You can't run no train through here so fast that I can't pick the engineer off, an' with him closed out I reckon yer rollin' stock an' passengers wouldn't be much a'count. I put an injunction on th' road an' when a man puts himself inter contempt with me he's huntin' trouble."

Then came trappers who didn't want game interfered with, cattle thieves who didn't want to be run down with trains and telegraphs, and the keeper of a little frontier tavern who fondled two guns while arguing against a new railroad.

Finally the novice received notice to leave and he wisely obeyed. Then a smooth little Yankee went to the scene, talked like a candidate, put money wherever it would do the most good, passed mountain dew around as if it were water, and inside of three weeks had every objector on his paid staff, ready to shoot in defense of the railroad project.—Detroit Free Press.

FOLLOWED HER INSTRUCTIONS.

A Servant's Obedience to Her Master's Orders Proves Embarrassing.

Some people are so careful about instructing their servants to beware of confidence men that they have trouble getting into their own houses after dark when they have forgotten their keys. One south side resident regrets that he ever aroused the caution of the faithful housemaid who runs things at his home.

He has often instructed her not to give any coats or grips or other valuable things to the wily stranger who comes around with a glib story about Mr. Smith sending him up from the office to get his overcoat. But one of the chilly days last week he went forth with a light overcoat on and stopped at the corner barber shop. While waiting his turn he decided the day was too chilly for so light a coat and, giving it to the colored porter, asked him to run to the house and exchange it for his ulster. The boy hastened away with the coat and a few minutes later rang the door bell of the residence.

"Mr. Smith is down to de bahbah shop, ma'am, an' he 'lows its too cold foh dis coat, an' he wants me to get his heavy coat," he said to Hannah, the housemaid, when she looked out suspiciously through a crack in the doorway. She regarded him silently a few moments and recognized the garment on his arm as that of her employer.

"Give me that coat!" she demanded suddenly, reaching for it. The boy turned it over without a word. Closing the door to the original crack she shouted triumphantly:

"You'll get no coats here with your confidence games, me bould bucko!"

And she slammed the door on the porter. Five minutes later the shivering citizen, left thus with no overcoat, hurried home with coat collar turned up to his ears and climbed into his ulster. But he had no instructions to give the housemaid.—Chicago Chronicle.

Patience.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The chief secret of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices. Cherish patience as your favorite virtue. Always keep it about you. You will find use for it oftener than for all the rest. Being patient is the hardest work we have to do through life.—Detroit Free Press.

Practice Walking.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once; then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves. A southern school-teacher used to instruct her girls to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head raised. Don't think these things are of no value. They add to your health and your attractiveness, two things to which everybody should pay heed.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Explanation.

Mr. Grayson—You say that this Mrs. Sappington is a bad woman, and yet you invite her to your house. I'd like to know how you justify yourself?

Mrs. Grayson—Oh, but society hasn't found her out.—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

—Old Maid—"Boy, which is the quickest way for me to the railway station?" Accommodating Boy—"Run."—Dublin World.

—He—"Yes; I come from a fine old English family." She—"Did they give you a good character when you left?"—Pick-Me-Up.

—"Pushpen is a ready writer, isn't he?" "Yes; he writes readily enough, but the trouble is he can't think."—Chicago Record.

—"Sweetheart," he whispered. He wasn't telling her a thing but the old, old story. Yet he held his audience for hours.—Detroit Journal.

—"I will be remembered," said the poet, "when you are forgotten." "Very likely," said the plutocrat. "I always pay cash."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—"Nora, doesn't it tire you to run up so many stairs to announce visitors?" "Yes—but, yer see, when I gits wored out, I jis' tells 'em yer ain't in."—Life.

—"Young Higgins married, you say, on ten dollars a week? That took nerve, anyhow. What was he working at?" "Nothing. It was the girl that was earning the ten dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

—"The usual seats?" asked the gentlemanly box-office attendant. "Er—no; give me something cheaper, in the pit." "Here you are. Glad your wife got safely home from her trip."—Detroit Free Press.

—"The Comedian (on the defensive)." "But you know there are only seven real jokes in the world, it is said." The Soubrette—"I know; what puzzles me is that you have never happened upon any of them."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—"Mrs. Kuddler—"Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me?" Mr. Kuddler—"Nonsense, Anne; the baby is now more than six months old, and it has never spoken a word."—Boston Transcript.

THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES.

When There Was Pleasure and Profit in Stock Buying.

"Just after the war Michigan was a great state for stock," said a stock dealer of Chicago. "I began business life on a Michigan deal which was the foundation of what the newspapers term"

with a twinkling glance—"my princely fortune. This method of handling stock was so different from that which prevails to-day, with our people controlling the price of the world and our 'say-so' more autocratic than that of a czar, it may be interesting to speak of an enterprise which was possible once and impossible now."

"Two of us entered Michigan, coming as far as Ann Arbor. We purchased 5,000 sheep and with another man and a dog started to drive them to Iowa. Different from methods of to-day, isn't it? We paid \$125 apiece for the sheep. We had a wagon and in the back of it a barrel of cider. Well, we were just four months on that trip, but it was good, healthy exercise, and I believe we enjoyed every moment. Of course there were anxieties. For example, when we struck Illinois some of the roads weren't properly fenced and the sheep would scatter out all over the country. Then came lively work, but